Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post
AND BULLETIN;
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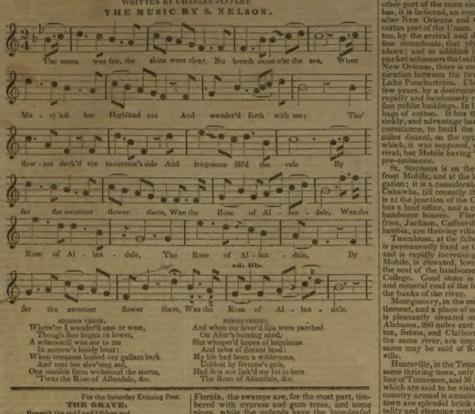
THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE—A Ballad.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERY.
THE MUSIC BY S. NELSON.



SECOND VERSE.

Where'er I wander'd east or west,
  Though fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me
  In sorrow's lonely hour;
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark
  And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
  'Twas the Rose of Allandale, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

And when my fever'd lips were parched
  On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness
  And tales of distant land;
My life had been a wilderness,
  Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers
  The Rose of Allandale, &c.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GRAVE.

Beneath the cold and lifeless sod,
  Within the dark and silent tomb,
The *immortal* wafted to its God,
  The weary *mortal* finds a home.
The meek, the wise, the vain, the gay,
  In the cold grave must mould'ring lie;
Great nature's debt we all must pay,
  For 'tis the lot of all to die!

Art thou a child? an orphan too,
  And has not grieved thy youthful heart,
When from thy parents fond and true,
  Thy brother, sister forced to part?
Art thou a husband? bending near
  The fond remains of buried worth,
Without a pang, without a tear
  For her who shared thy bliss on earth.

Art thou a lover? and behold
  The form of innocence so sweet
Upon its lowly bed so cold,
  Within the grave beneath thy feet.
Will not thy heart in anguish move
  For the departed being there?
Ah, yes! the grave of buried woe
  Will melt the harden'd soul to prayer.

The grave! the grave! 'tis but a span
  To its dark mansion from our birth;
When in its bosom mortal man
  Returns unto his kindred earth;
Whilst the immortal spirit free,
  Is wafted to the realms on high,
To dwell through all eternity
  In bliss beyond the azure sky. T. W. D.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ALABAMA.

This important State was originally a part of the Mississippi Territory. It has acquired population very rapidly, and already far exceeds in numbers, the State from which it was taken, and it is said, that no part of the western country has had a more rapid growth. In 1800, that portion of the present State of Mississippi, which is now Alabama, had only 2,000 inhabitants! In 1810, it contained 10,000; and when the writer of this visited it to attend a land sale, in the winter of 1820, it numbered 127,000! By the census of 1830, 199,221 free whites, 112,625 slaves; total, 311,846! This rapid increase was partly owing to the fame of its good lands and superior salubrity, its contiguity to Georgia and the Carolinas, to which, in its productions and soil, it bears a strong resemblance. Emigrants from the land of pine and cypress forests, are pleased to see these trees in the new regions to which they transplant themselves; and the *rush* which was made to it by the Georgians and Carolinians, was so great, that to be believed, it must have been seen. The route was through the Cherokee nation, and never shall we forget the scene which presented itself on the whole line of the turnpike road, which the Indians constructed through their country, and kept in tolerable repair. Encampments of emigrants, of more or less wealth, were met with every morning before breakfast, having their all with them, and big with hope for the land of promise. One family struck us particularly. A North Carolinian, hearing "talk" of *Alabam*, had geared up his shingle cart and one horse, and was wending his way across the Chatahoochy River, as our party were passing in an opposite direction. The shingle cart, which was so frail, that a Jerseyman would hardly trust it to carry a load of sand, was piled up with light articles of household goods, and the lean horse wended his weary way as if he had come from the land where pigs hunt in couples, so as to assist each other when they are so fortunate as to find a blade of grass! But the amusing part of the cavalcade was an unique vehiculum, composed after the following fashion. Two rough shafts were fastened to the two ends of a whiskey iron-bound hogshead, with pins, so as to allow the hogshead to revolve. In it was placed the family bedding, and a lean milch cow acted the horse, while in a trough, above the revolving beds, &c., sat high, dry and airy, the children of the family!

The mother drove the cow—the cask floated over the stream—the children laughed, and the chickens which accompanied them, cackled and crowed in all the animation of travellers. So novel a mode of transport, induced us to take a minute survey. When all was happily got over, the mother took a basin from the cart, milked the cow, and adding some coarse bread, the whole group took a comfortable dinner. We dare say, by this time, the old folks are grandparents, and have a fine cotton plantation—possibly, ere this, so rapid are transformations in America, they have retraversed the same road, in a coach and four, (a favorite mode of travel in Alabama,) on a visit to Ballston and Saratoga.—Be that as it may.

Alabama has furnished thousands of such emigrants with all that they wished. It is much more healthy than the maritime parts of Carolina, and has a soil better adapted to cotton. The general shape of the State is that of a parallelogram, the only undefined line being the southern one. From this line another parallelogram is formed, extending between Florida and the State of Mississippi; it includes Mobile Bay, and was once part of West Florida, but necessary to Alabama, to enable her to communicate with the Gulf of Mexico. In Mobile Bay are the islands Dauphin, Massacre, and Petit Bois. Mobile Bay is a deep and commodious entrance into the harbor. The ship channel is between Dauphin Island and Mobile Point. Taking the State as a whole, the northern parts, near Tennessee, are generally hilly and precipitous. At the northern commencement of this belt, it is mountainous, and a continuation of the Allegheny hills. The State rises by regular belts, or terraces, from the Gulf of Mexico; the lower belt is low, level, and has many swamps and savannahs, the prevailing timber being pine. The northern belt is pleasantly undulating. The central interior region is generally waving hills. Tennessee Valley, so called, though a deep alluvial country, is in fact, high table land, and there are few table countries which excel this part of the State in fertility, mildness of climate, and pleasantness of position. This valley is separated from that of the Alabama, by hills of such lofty and precipitous character, as generally to merit the name of mountains, some of the peaks towering 3,000 feet above the level of the Gulf.

As we approach within fifty or sixty miles of Florida, the swamps are, for the most part, timbered with cypress and gum trees, and some pines, while the uplands have the long-leafed pine tree in abundance. These pine regions have generally a thin soil, but having a substratum of clay, contain within themselves a principle of fertility, which time will call forth. At present they bear, without manuring, two or three crops of maize, and one or two of small cotton. So much rich land remains, however, that they are little cultivated.

The alluvions on the Alabama and Tombigbee, are wide and productive; some affirm, that they are equal to those of Mississippi. When these lands came into market, at the land sales, the rush and grasping spirit of land speculation, raised them to an inordinate price, which proved, in many instances, ruinous to the purchasers, some of whom bought at fifty dollars an acre, at first hands!

The French emigrants are sanguine in the belief, that much of the land is suitable for vineyards. Much may be expected, if success should attend the first experiments. Along the southern limits of the State the soil is thin, and the unvarying verdure of the pine, tires by its uniformity. On the head waters of the Escambia and Conecuh, the soil and climate are favorable to the sugar cane; and here are seen groves of orange trees, which had attractions in the eyes of such settlers as we have described, with his beds in a hogshead. We well remember the prospect of an orange orchard, formed a prominent item of his expected happiness.

The people in this State, have a general character for order, quietness, a regard for religion, schools, social and moral institutions. A considerable degree of munificence has been manifested, by suitable appropriations for schools, roads, bridges, canals, and other works, of public utility. An appropriation of five per cent. of the nett proceeds of all the public lands in the State, has been made for these objects. A railroad is now probably completed, to pass the obstructions of the Muscle Shoals, in the River Tennessee. Gen. Jackson's military road runs almost in a right line, 330 miles. If fully completed and kept in repair, it would be of the greatest national utility. Several canals are in contemplation, and when the spirit of internal improvement is once fully awakened, no state will benefit more by it than Alabama. There are many opulent planters with large numbers of slaves, and they possess the characteristic hospitality of the southerners. We shall long remember seeing, not far from Huntsville, a superb yellow gilt coach, belonging to a dweller in a log cabin. He drove the coach to the north every year, expending his cotton crop, and returning to his cabin to raise another, to be similarly disposed of in a little harmless ostentation.

Alabama has three or four good colleges. That at Tuscaloosa, is amply endowed; has a respectable library and philosophical apparatus, and in point of professorships and other appointments, is placed on a footing with the most respectable institutions of the kind.

We have already remarked, that the climate is considered favorable to health compared to the southern country generally, in the same parallels. There can barely be said to be such a season as winter—the middle classes are nearly unprovided for cold; and a man is known to come from "the north", if he shuts a door in December or January. The summers, nevertheless, are not sensibly warmer than they are many degrees more to the north, though the duration of the summer heats is debilitating, and the direct rays of the sun oppressive. Towards Tennessee still water sometimes freezes, but in the southern parts snow and ice are rarities, and the cattle require no shelter in winter. Corn is planted early in March; peas are in pod in the middle of April, and on table by this time.—Strawberries are ripe while our citizens are out Maying, and by the end of June, roasting corn is abundant.

Cotton is the great staple, and the growing of this article, has increased in even a greater ratio than the ratio of population. Alabama cotton takes a high rank in every market. The county in which Huntsville is situated, astonished every body by the quantity of cotton it turned out, the first few years it was under cultivation. Fortunes were rapidly realized, and the popular coach and four, journeying northward, told a tale, which was not to be misunderstood, and induced emigration. Sugar, rice and tobacco, are also cultivated. Many of the inhabitants round Mobile are shepherds, and have droves of cattle, numbering from 500 to 1,000.—Swine are easily raised. The small breed of Indian horses are ugly, but hardy and strong, and are better for service than the handsome breeds. One, employed by our party to transport our baggage, uniformly battled with the others we rode, when opportunity presented, always coming off victor. He followed like a spaniel, but occasionally gave great trouble when he had been in good quarters at night, by turning short round, after a few miles absence, to return for another meal, and in the chase, a race horse in company, was generally distanced. The price of a good *tackie*, as they are called, is from thirty to fifty dollars; and we are decidedly of opinion, that they might be introduced here as ladies' horses, for poney phaetons, &c., to advantage.

The country trade of the lower part of the State, is to Mobile, Blakely, and Pensacola, to which descend the great crops of cotton, pitch, tar, and turpentine, for exportation. Mobile has become a great mart for cotton and trade generally. It is so near Havana, that considerable trade with that port is carried on. Sea vessels proceed up the Alabama River a considerable distance to load. The northern parts of the State, are compelled to send their produce by a very circuitous route, down the Tennessee, the Ohio and Mississippi, where it arrives at New Orleans, after a passage of 1,600 miles. At starting, it cannot be more than 300 miles from the Gulf. The intelligent inhabitants of this fertile country, are already turning their attention to making an artificial route between them and the waters of the Alabama River, which will unite them with the Gulf.

Mobile, the chief town in the lower part of the State, is situated on the west side of Mobile Bay, on an elevated plain, considerably above the tide, in a dry and pleasant situation. Under the Spanish and French it only became a military post, but since it has come into our possession, it has received a new impulse of prosperity; it is thronged, during nine months in the year, with square rigged vessels, taking in and discharging freight for and from all parts of the world; no other port of the same size in the United States has, it is believed, an equal export trade, being, after New Orleans and Charleston, the largest cotton port of the Union. It is greatly enlivened too, by the arrival and departure of numerous fine steamboats, that ply on the great rivers above; and in addition to the great number of packet schooners that sail between this place and New Orleans, there is now a steamboat communication between the two cities, by the way of Lake Ponchartrain. Chiefly destroyed within a few years, by a destructive fire, Mobile has been rapidly and handsomely rebuilt of brick, and has fine public buildings. In 1831, it exported 110,000 bags of cotton. It has the reputation of being sickly, and advantage has been taken of this circumstance, to build the town of Blakely, ten miles distant, on the opposite side of the Bay, which, it was supposed, would eclipse the elder rival, but Mobile having "the start," sustains its pre-eminence.

St. Stephens is on the Tombigbee, 120 miles from Mobile, and at the head of schooner navigation; it is a considerable town of stone houses. Cahawba, till recently the political metropolis, is at the junction of the Cahawba and Alabama, has a land office, and a considerable number of handsome houses. Florida, Claiborne, Dumfries, Jackson, Coffeeville, Demopolis and Columbia, are thriving villages.

Tuscaloosa, at the falls of the Black Warrior, is permanently fixed as the political metropolis, and is rapidly increasing; it is 500 miles from Mobile, is elevated, level, and beautiful. It is the seat of the handsome buildings of Alabama College. Good stone is found in the vicinity, and mineral coal of the best quality, abounds in the banks of the river.

Montgomery, in the midst of a flourishing settlement, and a place of commercial importance, is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Alabama, 200 miles east of Mobile. Washington, Selma, and Claiborne, and other towns on the same river, are improving places, and the same may be said of Kelleysville and Eaglesville.

Huntsville, in the Tennessee Valley, is a handsome thriving town, only 15 miles from the State line of Tennessee, and 50 from the Muscle Shoals, which are said to be visible on a clear day. The country around is amazingly fertile, and near the town are splendid brick mansions, where hospitality and elegance predominate; some of these can never be obliterated from the writer's memory.

Florence is a place of rising importance. It is at the foot of the Muscle Shoals, and when the river admits, steamboats can come up for the cotton, &c., which is wagoned to it from great distances. It has a great and increasing intercourse with New Orleans. Tuscumbia is five miles from Florence, and rapidly improving.—Russellville is also an important town. Here we must close our imperfect notice of Alabama, which is rapidly taking rank among her sisters, as wealthy, populous, liberal, and enlightened.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

SPRING.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

And thou art here, in thy gladness then,
With thy bright things scattered o'er dale and glen;
With thy loaded brow, with thy smile and song,
And thy lowing herd, and thy feathered throng.

The fountains have burst from their icy keep,
And from rock and crag in their gladness leap;
The violet has opened its deep blue eye,
And the lotus smiles to the answering sky.

There is joy abroad, on the earth, in the air,
Hill, forest and vale rich odors bear;
There is beauty beaming from moor and fen,
And the streamlet sparkles along the glen.

Yet, thou bring'st not, in thy gay career,
All that erst to my heart was dear—
There are silent hearths, where my childhood knelt,
And tuneless harps where the lov'd ones dwelt.

Where the song pealed forth, there are notes of woe,
Where the loud laugh rang, there is wailing low;
My soul is sad for the fond hearts gone—
Away, away, in thy bright course, on.

From the Casket.

First and Last Ticket.

From the manuscript of a Condemned Criminal.

"Curse the ticket," was my first exclamation on leaving a lottery office, into which I had entered to learn the fate of my *first ticket*. Would that it had been the last! would that in cursing I had forsaken them entirely! Had I done so, now, perhaps, I should not have been here; my loving and lovely wife, my angelic Amanda, and my prattling David, would not have been mouldering in the charnal house. I might have enjoyed perfect bliss, have been unstained by the blood of my fellow creatures. Oh! well may I curse the ticket—even a death curse.

My first ticket was a blank. I was persuaded by a friend to buy it, who tempted me by holding up to view the glittering prize, and exciting my hopes of obtaining it. I was not disappointed at the result of my purchase, although a curse involuntarily burst from my lips when I first learnt it. I hardly thought of drawing a higher prize, yet the possibility of being so fortunate, kept my mind in a constant, burning excitement. I was a young man then, and could ill afford to lose the cost of a ticket. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that experience must be paid for. I also made a solemn resolve, never to be guilty of such a foolish act again. I kept this resolution unbroken for the space of six months; yet "*try again, you may be more fortunate.*" It was the whisperings of my evil genius. I obeyed it. I bought—drew—and was unsuccessful. Previous to this time, I was in good circumstances; and having every prospect of doing well in this sublunary world, I solicited the hand of a Miss Amanda Berton, a young lady who long had possessed the tender affections of my heart. She was one—no, I will not, cannot speak of her as she was. Enough will be said, when I say, she granted my petition, and soon we had our vows made obligatory at the hymenial altar. I was much elated with my success, and my happiness seemed consummated. It was in this felicitous state that I spurned with contempt the repeated and almost extorting solicitations, to try *once more* my fate in the hap-hazard of a lottery ticket. But the sweet smiles of my lovely Amanda—the delightful pleasures of my domestic fireside—nor the warning voice of my past experience, could finally deter me from again trying my fortune. One evening I left my home, with the intention of visiting a friend, and of returning in about an hour. My path to my friend's house was past a lottery office. It was brilliantly lighted up, and in the window were temptingly displayed schemes of chance and invitations to purchasers. As I passed by the office window, my eye caught the following, in illuminated letters and figures:—"$10,000 prize will be heard from to-night—Tickets $5." I hesitated a moment, then walked on. "Who knows but I might get it," internally said I. I stopped, turned about, still hesitating. "Try again," I heard; and retracing my steps, and with trembling limbs entered the office. There I found many of my old associates, swiftly passing around the full bowls. It was not long before I was presented with a ticket, to pay the sum demanded, and try my luck. I did so, and was for one time out of many, fortunate. I left the office that evening one thousand dollars better off than when I entered. But wherefore? For home? No—for a *tavern!* All went for a treat. At midnight I returned home to my anxious and sleepless wife, in a state of *intoxication.* This was her first experience. * *

A week passed, and Amanda began to smile again. The excitement I was in that night, she admitted as an excuse for my conduct. But she tenderly advised me—nay, in her prayers, in the stillness of our chamber, she implored God to have me in his keeping, to preserve me from temptation. A guilty conscience goaded me, and once more I resolved to shun the lottery office. My wife was herself again. Months passed away; a charge was introduced to my keeping—a holy charge. I was presented with a son. He took his father's name. Thank God! he will not bear his sorrows—his shame! It was then that I was happy as man could needs be. Business prospered; I enjoyed good health, and was blessed with a home where all was peace. I said I was happy; I was at times. But there was a secret thirst within me for riches—for the filthy lucre of the world; and yet I was not avaricious, nor was I parsimonious. But the desire had been awakened; the hope—deluded hope—had been encouraged, that by venturing little, much might be had; and throughout my lottery gambling, a burning thought of gain—of gain by lotteries—agitated my mind by day and by night. In the day time, when pursuing my occupation, the thought that by venturing a few dollars I might render myself independent of labor—to allow me to live at ease—was first in my mind. I strove to banish such unholy desires, but they haunted me like an evil spirit.

About eighteen months after taking my oath, a *grand scheme* was advertised to be drawn in my own village, at a day not far distant. I felt a strong propensity to try my luck again. I was importuned by friends to buy tickets, the scheme was so *grand*, the chance of success so *great*; but I thought of the oath I had taken, and was firm and resolute in my denial. The day of drawing drew nigh. The vender who sold me the prize urged me to take a few tickets; I was also importuned by others to buy, even in the presence of my wife. But I resisted. She was silent, she said not a word; she knew my oath was pledged; she knew that I remembered it, and she had confidence in my keeping it sacred. She only gave a glance of pleasure, it may be triumph, as she heard me refuse my friends' invitations. That night I dreamed that a certain number would be a fortunate one; I purchased it, and it came out to be the high prize. When I arose in the morning, my firmness was a little shaken. It was the day of drawing. A friend came into my store in the forenoon, and showed me a number of tickets; and among these, the number of my *dream!* He offered them to me; I forgot myself; I mocked my God—I broke my oath! I did not stay in the house at noon any longer than to hurry through with dinner. My wife's presence was a burden to me; her happy smiles discomfitted me, and her cheerful tones went to my heart like a reproach. From that day her presence was a curse to me; not that I loved her less, nor that she had changed—but how could I stand before her, perjured as I was, and she not doubting my innocence; how could I, without feeling the keenest pangs of remorse? A thousand times that forenoon did I resolve to seek my friend and return him the ticket, and as often break them. Conscience smote heavily. But the prize, thought I, will check it. Fool that I was, to think that paltry gold would reconcile an offended God—would buy off punishment. The lottery was drawn that afternoon. That evening I sat alone with my wife in her room. She talked of the folly of men, in not being contented with what they possessed, and for being ever in search of more. "How many hearts have been agitated, wound up to the highest pitch, this evening, in hopes of drawing a prize," said she. What could I do? I was there, and had to listen, although each word seemed like a burning coal at my heart. She continued, "and how many have spent that which should have gone for bread and clothing for their families—and for what? A piece of colored paper! And think you, my husband, there has been no vows violated—no oaths broken this afternoon?" Heavens, how this tortured me! I made no answer and she proceeded, "if there are any such, and if they have been unfortunate, how keen must be their disappointment, and how doubly keen their remorse! Are you not, David, better pleased with not buying tickets—allowing you had not pledged your oath to touch not, handle not, the forbidden thing—than you would have been had you purchased money by it?" Thus did Amanda talk to me, as though I was as pure and guiltless as herself. Innocent one! She knew not, that that very moment, her words were like daggers to my heart—that at every motion of her lips my soul withered in agony; she knew not that my pocketbook was crammed with the tickets—*blank tickets!* And when she poured out her soul in prayer that night, she knew not that he for whom she so devoutly prayed, dared not to listen to her words, but shut his ears. So it was. * * * * * *

"Do, my dear husband, stay at home *one* evening this week! you shall read to me, or I will read to your some, keep *me* company this evening. Thus spoke my wife as she took me affectionately by the arm one evening, a tear at the same time filling her eye. Brute that I was! I shook her off repulsively, scarcely deigning her a reply as I went out. I was an altered man; my innocence had departed from me; I had perjured myself. Having once broken my oath, I still continued to break it. Not a lottery was drawn but I had some chance in it. Ill luck attended me—blanks, blanks were my portion. Still I kept on. Most of my hours were spent in lottery houses; I neglected my business; debts accumulated; want came upon me; and I had nothing to satisfy them with but a *hope*—a hope that at the next drawing I should be lucky. As cares increased, I went to the tavern for relief. Remorse gnawed at my heart like a worm. It had drank up all my happiness. When I broke my oath, I thought gold would still my conscience. Gold I had none, so I attempted to ease it by strong drink. Rum burnt my tender feelings, my better nature; but it only added to the quenchless fire that was raging at my heart. It was not uncommon for me at this stage, to get intoxicated every night. Oft have I staggered home to my patient, dying Amanda—for my conduct was making sad inroads upon a constitution naturally delicate, and without a shadow of cause began abusing her. Merciful God, forgive me. Even while she was on her knees at prayer—*praying for me!* What insult and misery has that woman not endured! and all brought on by me, her husband, her protector! About this time our child died. I dare not think of his death, how it was brought on! The poor child *might* have lived longer—perhaps he might—but he complained of being cold, for want of clothes; and sometimes his cry for bread was vain. It was a great shock to my wife; and her gradual failing, day by day, sobered me and made me thoughtful. But what had I to do with *reflection?* The past was made up of sharp points, and when I turned to it I was pierced; and the future—ha! ha! what, what could I *anticipate?* What was then in store for me? So I closed my ears, shut my heart to the starving condition of Amanda, and became——a brute again! * *

It was in the evening of a midsummer cloudy day, that I sallied forth from my boarding hovel to shame and sin, to learn the fate of my *last* ticket. The woman with whom I boarded was clamorous for payment. That night I told her I expected to realize something. This was my last ticket. To obtain which, I had to dispose of a *Bible*, which belonged to my late wife, my Amanda, and which was the dying gift of her mother. It was the last thing I held which was once hers. One by one had I disposed of what few things were left at her decease, to gratify my passion for drinking and gambling. I had lost all compunctions of shame. My wife had been dead for two years. During her life, for her sake I was not entirely shunned; for her sake, some respect was shown me. But when she was taken away, and when *her* friends—for friends *I* had none—saw that I did not reform, they abandoned me to my fate, and I truly became an outcast—an outcast from the society of the virtuous. I blame none, the fault alone was mine. I was advised, admonished, and urged by all that was dear in life, by the prayer of my dying Amanda, by the hopes and fears of an unending eternity of bliss or wo, to restrain my vicious propensities, and to walk in the path of upright virtue. But I turned a deaf ear; I would not hear; I laughed them to scorn. So they left me to my stubbornness.

The ticket I now had was to seal my fate. I had fasted more than a day, to obtain the means to purchase it; nay, I had even stinted my propensity to drink, that the stronger and more fiendish passion of gambling might be gratified. Well, I went to the lottery office, and called for the prize list. At a glance I saw my hopes were frustrated; and crushing the list convulsively in my hand, I muttered a deep oath, and walked out of the office. That ticket indeed sealed my fate. "The world owes me a living, and a living I will have;" I said to myself, as I turned away with despairing heart, and walked up the street. My mind was suddenly made up to a strong purpose. "There *is* money," I said, between my teeth, as I sauntered along, meditating some desperate deed. I knew not the time of night; it was late, however, for the faintest glimmerings of a candle could not be seen, when a man brushed by me. As he passed I saw it was the vender of the tickets—the man who sold me the *first* and *last* ticket!—the man to whom I had paid dollar after dollar until all was gone. As he had a trunk in his hand, the thought presented itself, that as he had received from me, even to the last farthing, I should be justifiable in compelling him to return at least part—I should, by all means, make him give me enough to relieve my misery, to keep me from starving. Such were my inconsistent cogitations, as I slowly followed after him. Before reaching his home, he had to pass over a lonely space where there were no houses, and at that time as silent as eternity. He had gone over about half this space, when I stepped quickly and warily behind him; and grasping with one hand his collar, and with the other the trunk, in a gruff tone demanded his money. The words were scarcely uttered, when I was grappled by the throat. He was a strong man, and had a dangerous hold! I put forth all my strength to shake off his grasp, at the same time striking him in the face and breast; but without avail, his hold was firm. Finding that something must be done, for it was with the greatest difficulty that I could breathe, I clasped him around the waist, and giving a sudden jerk, we both fell; I fell underneath, and he had me in his power. I struggled in vain to extricate myself. He still held me by the throat, and began to call aloud for assistance. What was to be done? I had a jack-knife in my pocket, my left hand was free, it was the work of a moment, the hot blood spurted full in my face. His hold relaxed, and giving a terrible groan, he rolled on the ground in the agony of death. I sprang upon my feet, and snatched the trunk; as I moved away in the deep gloom of night, the death rattle in the throat of my victim came fearfully to my ears.

What followed, until I found myself chained in this dungeon, I knew not; I have a faint recollection of flying from the spot where lay the dying man, of being aroused in the morning by the officers of justice, of a court room, where were displayed the trunk found in my possession, and a knife taken from the breast of the person who was killed, with my name on the handle. I have a more distinct recollection of an after trial, and of a condemnation; and soon, the jailer tells me, I am to die—to be publicly executed. I acknowledge the justness of my punishment; I deserve death; may God show mercy to one who showed no mercy—to one whose cardinal virtue was duplicity. * * * *

By tracing back the life of this condemned man, we find his present condition is the effect of this simple cause—a *lottery ticket*. From this foolish act, he was led to perjury, from perjury to intemperance, from intemperance to beggary, and lastly, from beggary to *murder*. Reader, shall such be your fate?

From the Casket.

A SONG OF MAY.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend —, —, —.

The Spring is here! and round her way
  The gifts of earth profusely lie,
Beneath the universal ray,
  That glitters through the boundless sky;
Gay multitudes of living things
  Are sporting round the joyous woods;
And every nodding blossom flings
  Its fragrance o'er the fields and floods.

A soft and sunny radiance falls
  Upon the woodland's early green;
A voice of heavenly music calls,
  And saith to Man—"Behold the scene!
"Behold! and let thy heart be mov'd
  With thoughts of kindling gratitude,
While objects, beauteous and belov'd
  Surround thee thus, with life imbued!"

The Spring is here!—the vault on high,
  That rears its endless waste of blue,
Beyond the reach of human eye,—
  Saith, as it smiles,—the year is new!
And, as they bask them in the stream
  Of light decending from above,
The birds, like seraphs in a dream,
  Pour on the ear their hymns of love.

Those simple notes!—a power they have
  Which bears my spirit back to youth,
When Hope her thousand pictures gave,
  And every one seem'd clothed in truth;
When gladness murmured in the wave,
  And all the young leaves seem'd to play,
As if the melancholy grave
  Could take no earthly friend away.

The Spring is here,—but oh,—no more
  The glorious thoughts she used to bring,
The cheering hopes that rose, to soar
  As on the exulting Eagle's wing;
The fearless spirit's mounting fire,—
  The bosom warm—the open brow—
The slumber light,—the warm desire—
  Alas, my heart—they are not now!

Ay, like the honors of the year,
  When Autumn-tempests vex the air,
And on their pinions, wan and sere
  The leaves are rustling here and there—
On thee, the transports of the past,
  Upon the blasts of Destiny,
Faded, and cold, and dead, were cast,
  To bloom on earth, no more for me!

The Spring is here! and round my path,
  I see the young and happy play,
And then my heart a Sabbath hath,
  To mark their vernal holiday:
I love to read the eye of light,—
  The laughing brow—the cheek of rose—
They bring me back the visions bright
  That luled my childhood to repose.

And thus, with strength renew'd, the heart
  Its bitter lesson still can learn,
That when our early days depart,
  Naught but their memory can return:
Though each revolving year can bring
  Bright May, with all her smiling train,
Yet man hath but *one* golden spring—
  One May—that never comes again!

May, 1833. MORDAUNT.

HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The North American Review for April, contains an article headed "History of Philadelphia," which we have read with much pleasure. It is a review, rather late to be sure, of Watson's Annals, in which the author is highly complimented for his exertions in rescuing interesting facts from oblivion. Just compliments are paid to William Penn, and his friend and secretary James Logan. The following extract from the Review will be read with interest:—

When the author approaches the subject of female dress, he seems conscious that the moderns may hold up their heads; but he gives mysterious hints, which we do not pretend to understand, by which he intimates that our boasted simplicity is not unquestioned; that there are extravagances which do not appear; and that it might be found, on examination in the right quarter, that absurd fashions were not confined to ancient times. We can only say that we think it a manifest improvement, if they follow the example of our grave citizens during the French Revolution, who wore the popular cockade, but placed it inside the hat. Here too he betrays circumstances which work against his cause; he shows that our forefathers were grieved in spirit at the excesses of fashion, and resorted to various efforts of practical waggery, to discourage the ambition of their wives and daughters. They wasted no time in words, which they had found by experience were thrown away; they were men of action, and their jokes were of a strictly practical kind.

When the fashion required each lady to have an expensive red cloak, they provided such a dress for a woman who was sentenced to be hanged; she made her appearance in it at the gallows, and the same act of justice put an end both to her and the fashion. On another occasion, they were *exercised in mind* by an article in dress called a 'trolloppee.' What it was that offended them in this piece of raiment, we are not able to ascertain; but they forthwith procured a dress of the kind, which they presented to the wife of Daniel Pettitoe, formerly mentioned, who delighted with her bravery, made her appearance in all places, and put the fashion to flight with great expedition. Little however was gained by these successes; it was but 'stopping one hole in a sieve,' other fashions arose and reigned in their stead. 'The women wore caps, stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side, high heeled shoes, and in miry times of winter, clogs, gala shoes or pattens'—Ancient ladies have told me, that they often had their hair tortured for four hours at a sitting; some have had the opperation performed the day before it was required, then have slept all night in a sitting posture to prevent the derangement of their frizzle and curls.

This formidable headwork was succeeded by rollers, over which the hair was combed, above the forehead; these again were superceded by cushions and artificial work, which could be sent to the barber's like a wig. Once they wore the 'skimmer hat,' then the 'horse hair bonnet;' this was succeeded by various others, known by the names of 'bath,' 'muskmelon,' 'whalebone,' 'calash,' and 'wagon' bonnets, while the 'strawbeehive' was generally worn by old people.—One fact is worth noticing; he tells us that the time was, when the plainest among the Friends wore their colored silk aprons, though now they are so averse to fancy colors. In time, white aprons, once so fashionable, were disused by the gentry, and then the Friends left off their colored ones, and used the white. It is amusing to observe with what tenacity sects cling to their slight peculiarities of dress, manner or opinions; it is said that the Quaker dress was originally adopted, because it was the prevailing fashion of the day; but the fashion changed, and the Quaker refused to alter with it, condemning himself forever to a dress, which has no convenience to atone for its want of beauty. And thus it is with respect to opinions; the rank and file of every party, civil and religious, cling with desperate faith to opinions, which the founder of their sect, had he lived, and kept up with the changes of improvement, would long ago have cast away.

It does not appear how our forefathers could, with any decent consistency, have taken umbrage at the dress of ladies, when the fashionable coat had several large plaits in the skirts; wadding like a coverlet, to keep them smooth, large cuffs, reaching up to the elbow, with weights of lead, and the cape low, so as to display the stock buckle at the back of the neck. The shirts had sleeves finely plaited and hand ruffles. The breeches were closely fitted with knee-buckles of stone, paste or silver. Wigs were gray, white or brown; but a blow was given to this fashion after the return of Braddock's army, who, as might be expected, had lost their wigs in the war, and its fate was confirmed by the bold action of the king of England, who in spite of all remonstrances, cast the inconvenient ornament away. Swords were generally worn by men of fashion. Their cocked hats and vests were laced with gold; the vest had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were low in the waistband, because suspenders were a luxury then unknown. Gentlemen carried little woolen muffs, called muffiees, in winter. Watches were very rare; spectacles were worn by the aged, but never by the young. These however, were 'bridge spectacles,' which were kept in place by nipping the bridge of the nose. One would have thought, that a blade decorated in this way would have done well to hold his peace respecting excesses in female fashion.

We can hardly comprehend how the Friends, with their antipathy to superfluities, could reconcile themselves to the fashion of wigs, on those whom nature had furnished with hair. It is true they were not unanimous on the subject, but the wigs had great authorities in their favor. In 1685, William Penn writes to his steward, to allow the Governor Lloyd to use his wigs; and Jonathan Dickinson, a Friend, writes to London, 'I want for myself and my three sons, each a wig—light good bobbs.' An ancient perukemaker advertises 'full bottomed wigs, tyes, brigadiers, dress bobs, bags, cues, scratches, cut wigs, and tates and towers for ladies.' In 1733, a servant of the Rev. D. Magill, who had ran away, is advertised as 'closed with damask breeches and vest, a broadcloth coat of pepper color, lined and trimmed with black, and black stockings;' and another as having 'laving leather breeches, glass buttons, black stockings and a wig.'

From this and several advertisments of this kind, it would seem that they were worn by all classes, and also that the aristocracy were not so much distinguished by the articles of their dress, as is generally believed. When the circumstances alluded to above had destroyed the reign of wigs, at least for a season, the perukemakers saw nothing but utter ruin before them; but the transition to absolute simplicity was not so sudden as they apprehended; the hair was still to be dressed by plaiting, queuing, or clubbing, or by gathering it into a silk bag, adorned with a large black rose. But while the hair was so affectionately cherished, some other parts of the system were cruelly neglected. Dentists were unknown, and the only way of cleaning the teeth was rubbing them with snuff or powdered chalk upon a rag; this was the practice of the most genteel; it was generally deemed effeminate to clean them at all. In these respects the moderns certainly have the advantage, both in the knowledge of the tooth brush and the absence of the preposterous wigs, which are now hardly known, except from the grotesque pictures which Hogarth has preserved for the admiration of allcoming time.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HEART.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
  It hath a thousand strings,
And every wind that sweeps across
  A different cadence brings;
It hath a many mirthful voice,
  It speaketh many a tone,
But often will its swelling notes,
  All vibrate into one.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
  It is a curious thing;
It gives an impetus to thought,
  And bends the fancy wing:
But hid within its unseen depths,
  A motion ever burns;
And hatred—love—with equal sway,
  Direct its will by turns.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
  It sports with beauty's flower,
And beams upon its fragile stem,
  That plaything of an hour.
It nourishes a dream of hope,
  It hath a burst of joy;
'Tis strange that it must ever be
  So poisoned with alloy.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
  Its visions of delight
Are always present to the mind,
  And swim before the sight.
But doubt oft casts its shadow o'er—
  Its times of sadness come—
And then, in silent loneliness,
  Its sighs to upward roam.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
  With weariness grows old;
And then it feels its breath become faint,
  Its quivering pulse grow cold.
Yet, though the hand of death is there,
  It cannot all decay;
It loves, regenerated, when
  Corruption wastes the clay. W.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MISS BROWNE.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Children, wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
  And the sun hath sunk away.
As the dew upon the blossoms
  Blows them on their slender stem,
So, as light as their own bosoms,
  Balmy sleep hath conquered them!

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Mortals compassed round with wo;
Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,
  Close for every weakness now;
And that short relief from sorrow,
  Harrassed nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again to-morrow,
  Strengthened to contend with pain!

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Captives in their gloomy cells;
Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping
  With their many coloured spells:
All they love—again they clasp them!
  Feel again their long lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them,
  Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Misers, by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
  Gems and pearls of price untold;
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
  Diamonds seem before them strewn;
But they waken from their slumber,
  And the splendid dream has flown.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Pause a moment—softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
  Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
  One remains this slumbers deep;
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
  From that sweet—that saving sleep.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of wo and weeping
  To the regions of decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under,
  Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind or summer's thunder,
  Cannot break the sleep of death.

Biographical Sketches.

JOHN HANCOCK,

Was born at Quincy, near Boston, whence have emanated the two Presidents Adams. He was the son and grandson of eminent clergymen, but having early lost his father, was indebted for a liberal education to his uncle, a merchant of great wealth, whose counting-house he afterwards entered, but soon sailed for England, where he was present at the coronation of George III. His uncle dying in 1774, he succeeded to his large fortune and business. He was active as a member of the provincial legislature against the royal governor, and became so obnoxious to him, that after the battle of Lexington, he and Samuel Adams were excepted by name in the proclamation offering pardon to the rebels who should swear fealty to Britain. They escaped from one door of a house as the British soldiers entered it at another, and thus their valuable persons were preserved to aid the good cause of the Revolution.

Hancock was President of the provincial congress of Massachusetts, until sent a delegate to the General Congress at Philadelphia in 1775, where he was soon chosen to succeed Peyton Randolph as President of that august Assembly. He was the first to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence, which was first published with no other name attached. He filled this important chair till 1779, when gout compelled him to retire from Congress. He was then elected Governor of Massachusetts, and was annually chosen from 1780 to 1785, and after an interval of two years was re-elected and continued to fill the office until his death, Oct. 8, 1793, at the age of 56 years. He acted also as President of the Convention of the State for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, for which he voted.

His talents were rather useful than brilliant. He seldom spoke, but his knowledge of business, and facility in despatching it, together with his keen insight into the characters of men, rendered him peculiarly fit for public life. Being well acquainted with parliamentary forms, he inspired respect by his attention, impartiality and dignity. In private life he was remarkable for his hospitality and beneficence. He was a complete gentleman of the old school, both in appearance and manners, and was a magnificent liver, lavishly bountiful, keeping a coach and six horses, and distinguished for his politeness and affability.

When Washington consulted the legislature of Massachusetts upon the propriety of bombarding Boston, Hancock advised its being done immediately, if it would benefit the cause, although nearly his whole property consisted in houses and other real estate in that town. Carroll of Carrollton and Hancock, probably risked more property on the event of the struggle than any other two individuals. The estate at Quincy, which was his inheritance, is now the property of our distinguished countryman, the late President John Quincy Adams.

The first provocation of the British Government which created a spirit of civil discord among her provinces, was the imposition of duties upon the importation of foreign merchandise, and other injuries impairing the prosperity of the colonial commerce. Upon which occasion, all the address and diligence of Mr. Hancock, in opposition to a system of legislation so rapacious and tyrannical, were exerted. It was by his agency, and that of a few other citizens of Boston, that for the purpose of procuring a revocation of these duties, associations were instituted to prohibit the importation of British goods; a policy which soon afterwards being imitated by the other colonies, first served to awaken the apprehensions of the people, and to kindle those passions that were essential to the success of the war and the preservation of their liberties. The agitation of this subject produced no common animosity, and in some instances acts of atrocity and outrage, of which we may mention as among the most conspicuous, the case of Mr. Otis, who at the instigation of a British officer, was assailed by a band of ruffians, with a violence which impaired his reason and hastened his death.

About the same time, a vessel belonging to Mr. Hancock, being loaded it was said, in contravention of the revenue laws, was seized, by the custom house officers, and carried under the guns of an armed vessel at the time in the harbor, for security; but the people exasperated by this offensive exertion of authority, assembled and pursuing the officers, beat them with clubs, and drove them on board their vessels for protection. The boat of the collector was then burnt in triumph by the mob, and the houses of some of his most obnoxious adherents were, in the first transports of this popular fury, razed to the ground. Thus Mr. Hancock in more ways than one contributed to set the great wheel of the revolution in motion, though he could not himself have approved of such acts, which were disapproved by the legal authorities. Yet Hancock derived from his connection with the affair an increased popularity. At an assembly of the citizens, Mr. Hancock and others were appointed to request of the Governor, a removal of the British troops from the town, which the Governor attempted to evade. A second committee being selected of which Mr. Hancock was chairman, voted the excuses made inadmissible, and by a more peremptory tone of expostulation, urged and obtained their removal. This Governor had complimented Hancock in 1767, with a lieutenancy. But declaring his determination to hold no office under a man whose vices and principles he considered hostile to the liberties of his country, he tore up the commission in presence of many citizens; for which bold act he received the severe reprehension and threats of the royal government.

Of the modesty of Hancock, there is a very beautiful anecdote related by his biographers. That there were members of the first Congress of superior age to his, and men, at the same time of preeminent virtues and talents, will not be denied. The occasion was one upon which calmness was essential, for rarely in the vicissitudes of nations, has it happened that interests more sacred have been confided to the infirmity of human wisdom and integrity, or that a spectacle more imposing has been exhibited to human observation. Mr. Hancock's timidity at being called to fill the chair was relieved, it is said, by a strong nerved member from the South, who led or bore him to the Speaker's seat; when placed in that conspicuous position, all agree that he presided with a dignity and capacity that extorted the respect and approbation of even his enemies.

After his death, his body lay in state at his mansion, where great multitudes thronged to pay the last offices of their grief and affection. His obsequies were attended with great pomp and solemnity, and amidst the tears of his countrymen, he was committed to the dust.

His wife was a Miss Quincy, whom he married about twenty years before his death. She was the daughter of an eminent magistrate of Boston, and one of the most distinguished families in New England. No children of this connection were left to inherit his fortune or perpetuate his name; his only son having died during his youth.

In stature Mr. H. was above the middle size, of excellent proportion of limbs, of extreme benignity of countenance, possessing a flexible and harmonious voice, a manly and dignified aspect. By the improvement of these natural qualities from observation and extensive intercourse with the world, he had acquired a pleasing elocution, with the most graceful and conciliating manners. Of his talents it is a sufficient evidence, that in the various stations he filled, he acquitted himself with an honourable distinction and capacity. His communications to the General Assembly, and his correspondence as President of Congress, are enduring proofs of his putting his shoulder effectively to the wheel of public affairs. His knowledge was practical and familiar. He neither penetrated the intricacies of profound research, nor did he mount to inaccessible elevations.

Hancock first put his name to the immortal Declaration of Independence; had his life been marked by no other event, it would have entitled him to ever enduring renown—but in connection with that act, he combined great and useful wisdom in the councils of our infant nation, and his name will descend to posterity with unqualified lustre.

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, May 4.

CITY COUNCILS—GIRARD COLLEGE.

The City Councils of Philadelphia, in their session of Thursday evening, the 25th ult., received a letter from Benjamin Cooper, Esq. Treasurer of the Girard Trust, containing a certificate of stocks and loans, value TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, to be appropriated to the use of the Girard College for Orphans.

Some questions of law having arisen in former discussions in Councils, respecting the Girard donation for the College, the opinion of John Sergeant, Esq. were solicited, (see below by the Commissioners of the Girard trust,) on the subject. That gentleman, in a letter read to Councils, expresses the belief, that in the first place, the two millions are to be set apart for the College, and the income of the two millions, except what may be necessary for the purposes of the College, to accumulate and be added to the two millions so as to become part of the capital, of which the income is in like manner to be applied exclusively to the College. That if hereafter a greater amount should be required for the extension and support of the institution, such amount is to be taken from the disposable residue of the estate as the same may be wanted: but that in the mean time, until the exigency shall actually arise, the whole income of the residue is disposable by the city, for the purposes designated in the 24th section of the Will.

The following communication from the Trustees of the Girard College, was presented to the Common Councils:—

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1833.

To the Select and Common Councils of the city of Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—In compliance with the instruction of the Joint Committee of the Select and Common Councils and of the Trustees of the Girard College for Orphans, I have the honor of submitting to you a copy of a resolution, passed at their meeting this day, together with the report of the sub-committee and the plans adopted by them, the estimate of the architect, and the resolution passed at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Girard College for Orphans, on the 24th inst. I have the honor to be, [illegible]

Very respectfully, [illegible]

N. BIDDLE.

At a meeting of the Joint Committee of the Select and Common Councils and of the Trustees of the Girard College for Orphans, held on Thursday, the 25th of April, 1833, in Independence Hall, the sub-committee appointed on the 5th inst. made a report, accompanied by a plan of the buildings for the Girard College, with an estimate of the cost of the same by the architect, and a resolution of the Board of Trustees of the Girard College, passed on the 24th instant.

Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Dunlap, it was resolved, That the report of the sub-committee, and the plans submitted by them, be approved, and that the chairman of this meeting transmit to the Select and Common Councils the said report and plans, together with the estimate of the architect and the said resolution of the Board of Trustees.

Extracted from the minutes.

THOS. McEWEN,
Secretary of Joint Committee.

The Sub-committee appointed on the 5th inst. to submit a plan of the buildings for the Girard College for Orphans, respectfully report:

That after careful examination of all the plans hitherto presented to the Councils, with frequent interviews with the architect selected by them, and a personal inspection of the localities, they have unanimously agreed upon a plan which they recommend as combining the requisite degree of convenience, economy, and taste. The details of these several designs, with the estimates of the expense of executing them, are now presented to the Building Committee, in obedience to whose instructions the sub-committee proceed briefly to state the grounds of their selection.

The true position for the buildings they believe to be a square or parallelogram, beginning at the distance of 490 feet from the south-east corner of the lot and the Ridge Road, and 30 feet west from the line of Schuylkill Third street, and extending thence westward 653 feet, and northward 330 feet. This position affords the advantages of an easy access from the Ridge Road and from Third street, an ample and commodious approach to the buildings, and the necessary retirement for the quiet prosecution of the studies of the orphans. It is also sufficiently to the east of the line of the Penitentiary, to prevent the College from being masked by that large building, and it preserves the remainder of the ground entire for the purposes of instruction in farming and gardening, which will probably […]

[…]

On Saturday afternoon last, about two o'clock, a fire broke out in the cabinet maker's shop of Mr. Mackie, in Lily court, above Green street, Northern Liberties, which, together with a stable and a carpenter's shop adjoining, was entirely destroyed. Two three story brick buildings were also considerably injured. Mr. Mackie's loss in materials and tools, it is said, is very considerable.

UNITED STATES BANK STOCK.—The New York Daily Advertiser, of Monday, says—"The operations for delivery of this stock have been so great recently, that those short are desirous of borrowing, and are willing to advance one hundred and ten per cent. without charging any interest, rather than purchase at the present rates, which is an evidence that the stock is scarce."

A parent brought an action in the District Court of this city, which was decided on Thursday last, against the Rev. Dr. Helffenstein, for joining his son in the bands of matrimony before he had attained the age of twenty-one. From the evidence produced, it was shown that the son at the time of his marriage was but little more than seventeen, and the law being very explicit in the case, the reverend gentleman had judgment given against him for fifty pounds ($133 33) the full amount of the penalty.

An ox of great weight and beauty passed through the village of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, some days since on his journey to this city. He bears the appellation of *The Hermit of Wysox*—is seven years old, and the property of Dr. Barstow of Bradford county, who by his unremitting care has enabled Pennsylvania to boast of an ox who can challenge the United States for his equal. It is supposed that he will weigh on foot about 4,000 pounds.

A law for the appointment of Inspectors and Weighers of wheat flour, rye flour, corn meal, and buckwheat meal in all the ports of entry in Nova Scotia, has been made by the Legislature of the Province. It directs the inspection, weighing, and branding of the *quality* and *weight* of every barrel and half barrel of those articles which arrive. […]

[…]

GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL.

The New York papers of Monday, furnish statements of the destruction by fire on the evening of the 24th inst. of the "British American Hotel," one of the largest and most splendid edifices in Montreal. The following particulars we find communicated in the New York Commercial:—

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION.

At a quarter before eight last evening, while the company were assembled for the Soiree Musical of the Misses HERRMANN, at the *British American Hotel*, the alarm of fire in that noble edifice roused the numerous inmates from their respective occupations, and almost before the alarm had reached the street, this splendid Hotel exhibited one mass of fire, extending its way from one floor to another, producing a scene of awful grandeur and desolation, scarcely paralleled in the history of MONTREAL. About thirty ladies and gentlemen had assembled in the large ball room to attend the Concert—the boarders and other inmates were engaged at tea, when the blaze of a lamp, suspended on the branch of one of the evergreens, which formed the decoration of the passage at the Bachelors' hall, and which have remained undisturbed since that period, communicated with the whole range of trees, and produced one instantaneous conflagration, which soon raged with the most destructive and irresistible fury through the entire building, leaving the inmates to secure their flight by ladders and through windows, possessed only of the clothes they wore, without even a moment's opportunity to secure any of their baggage or property. With difficulty the concert room was cleared, by taking the company down by ladders placed to the front windows, the flames rushing into the room from the burning evergreens in the passage, and prohibiting all egress by that channel. The scene of confusion that ensued baffles all human description, and all attempts to secure property proved hopeless. Some articles of furniture was removed at the only favorable moment, but, we regret to say, that many of […]

[…]

A curious anecdote is told of a man who was for some time enabled to earn a livelihood at one of the most celebrated and fashionable gaming houses in Paris, through the high premium on gold. He always commenced playing with two 500f. notes, his aim being solely to convert these two notes into gold, in which he generally succeeded. By selling his gold the next morning at the money changer's, he got his 17f. profit and two other notes, with which he commenced operations again in the evening. This went on for months undiscovered, but the contrivance came at last to the knowledge of the dealers, who, from that time, made it a regular rule not to change a bank note for gold without requiring the current premium.

TYROLESE EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.—The Golden Adler at Innsbruck, independently of being the house where Hofer lodged, is a primitive inn, at once cheap and comfortable. Having paid our very moderate bill, (leaving a gratuity for the servants) the chambermaid came into our room and, seizing our hand, kissed it! We did not recollect at the moment that this was the customary way of expressing gratitude in such cases. We were hurried, indeed, and taken at a loss; and, in short, without an idea of gallantry, or any thing else, but simply from not knowing how to act on the occasion, we returned the salute on the damsel's cheek.—She appeared to be grateful for the compliment, and curtseying low, thanked us again, and withdrew.

[*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*

On a recent occasion it appeared that there existed in London a gang of thieves, the oldest of whom was not fifteen; and at their head a boy and a girl, twelve and thirteen respectively, who actually lived together as man and wife. The pretended husband attempted to set up an *alibi* for himself, by declaring, "I was at home smoking my pipe at the time they say this here happened."

[…]

GREAT FIRES IN NEW YORK!

On Saturday Afternoon, about 5 o'clock a fire occurred in New York, which destroyed 13 or 15 wooden buildings that surrounded the premises. The flames broke out in a carpenter's shop, No. 20, Gold st. and spread so fiercely, that four dwellings were almost immediately destroyed on the west side of the street. Among the erections destroyed, were two carpenter's shops, a brick dwelling, and a large four story warehouse, used as a drug store. The loss of property is very considerable.

City Hotel damaged by Fire.

On Thursday morning about 10 o'clock, smoke was seen issuing from the roof of the City Hotel, south end, rear side, near the ridge pole. When we first saw it, a barrel of water would have extinguished it, but the great height of the building rendered it inaccessible to the firemen, and the consequence was, that in a short time the southern half of the roof was in a blaze, sending its immense volumes to the skies. [At this time, and for an hour subsequently, we were in the dome of the Merchant's Exchange, and had a fine opportunity to notice the progress of the conflagration.]

Next we saw a dense volume of smoke, and then a broad stream of fire, issue from the scuttle of the northern section of the building, and in half an hour more, that portion of the roof had shared the fate of the rest. As soon as the fire had descended within reach of the firemens' power, they poured in upon it a flood of water from every direction, and finally subdued the flames, leaving the three lower stories uninjured, except by water. The upper story, as well as the attics and the roof, was destroyed except the walls.

The building is about 100 feet in length by 60 feet in breadth. It is owned by John Jacob Astor, who purchased it two or three years ago, at a cost, including the land, of $120,000 and upwards. […]

[…]

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, convened at Newark, N. J. on the 17th ult., and closed an interesting and harmonious, though laborious session, on Friday last. From statements made by the minutes, it appears that the late Conference year has been productive of great increase in the Methodist Church. Twenty-two candidates for the ministry were received on trial, and thirteen admitted in full connexion. The nett increase of membership, during the year, was 6,030. The following are the stations of the preachers for the ensuing year, which we are enabled to present through the politeness of a member of the Conference:—

South Philadelphia District.—L. McCombs, Presiding Elder. St. George's—H. White, Robt. Gerry, Thos. McCarroll, J. S. Porter, Ezk. Cooper, Conf. Miss., Wm. Cooper, supernumerary. Union, Charles Pitman. Asbury, R. E. Kemp. Chester, James R. Ayres, Jno. Edwards, R. E. Morrison, J. Tally, sup. Stroudsburg, Thos. Miller, Wm. Ryder. Strasburg, Wm. Torbett, Thos. Millar. Harrisburg, Thomas Sovereign, F. Hodgson, Allen John. Lancaster, Jno. Lednum. Waynesburg, D. Best, R. W. Thomas. West Chester, J. F. Canfield.

North Philadelphia District.—Geo. Banghart, P. E. Kensington, W. A. Wiggins. St. Johns, H. J. King, James Smith, sup. Fifth street, J. Kenedy, James Mitchell, sup. Frankford, J. Lewis. Germantown, J. Woolson, Wm. Granville. Bristol, D. Bartine, J. Nicholson. Reading, J. Ashbrook. Pottsville, P. A. Ogden, Wm. Bloomer. Mauch Chunk, A. K. Street. Easton, Geo. F. Brown. Stroudsburg, B. Andrews, J. M. Doagal, Wm. Colbert, sup.

Chesapeake District.—Matthew Sorin, P. E. Smyrna, S. Sharp, R. Anderson, J. Osborn, sup. Dover, Wm. Barns, J. F. Crouch. Caroline, J. Humphries, C. J. Crouch. Talbot, L. Storks, T. Hickey, L. Wat[…]

[…]

A prisoner, by the name of S. S. Buchanan, formerly of St. Louis, (Mo.) was stabbed in an affray at Vandalia, Illinois, a time since, and dangerously wounded. The offender fled.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons,	[illegible]
WHEAT, per bushel,	[illegible]
RYE, do.	[illegible]
CORN, per bushel,	[illegible]
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,	[illegible]
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	[illegible]
BARLEY, Good, do.	[illegible]
FLAXSEED, do.	[illegible]
OATS from wagons, do.	[illegible]
WHISKEY, do. per gallon, in hhds.	[illegible]
COTTON, per lb.	[illegible]
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	[illegible]
EGGS, per dozen	[illegible]
SALT, Ground, per bushel,	[illegible]
LARD, per lb. Western,	[illegible]
TALLOW, do.	[illegible]
FRESH BEEF,	[illegible]
HAMS, Western, per lb.	[illegible]
BACON, do. do.	[illegible]
BEESWAX, do.	[illegible]
LINSEED OIL, do.	[illegible]
FEATHERS, do.	[illegible]
COMMON WOOL, washed,	[illegible]
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	[illegible]
LEATHER, SOLE,	[illegible]
LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.	[illegible]
Yellow Pine,	[illegible]
Oak, do.	[illegible]
Hemlock, do.	[illegible]
Shingles,	[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, May 4, 1833.

☞ All persons are cautioned against paying to C. C. KING, (a gentleman travelling about the country,) any subscriptions to the Courier or Saturday Evening Post.

The Agents and Postmasters

We have forwarded with this paper—one in each post office town—a supplement sheet, containing our prospectus of the "Boon or Natives," shortly to be issued from this office. The sheet we design for agents and postmasters, to give them an opportunity of showing the style and character of the engravings to appear in the work, and with a view of adducing their friendly aid for the undertaking. They will oblige us by posting up the sheets in public places.

Barney Fogan.—The Atlas of a late date notices the arrest of a Jonah McClanahan, charged with stealing a sugar in the streets of the city. Mayor Gilpin the complainant. He plead guilty, but said he should contend against paying a fine, as he could find fifty persons who would swear to the character of the sugar every day. The Magistrate told him to give their names to the City Marshall, and they would be precluded serving. Jonah left the office much insensed at that," and has having paid his fine and costs—$1 56—he left the court room, declaring, "it was a mean affair."

The recent discovery and breaking of gambling in Boston, will we hope, create an example which shall be followed in every city throughout the United States. There are no doubt, in every city, a number of such fellows as these are broken of secret blockings, who change their places often, and thereby elude the eye of the law, who shall countenance by their presence all gaming, and if they cannot succeed by sun kind of game, are so well versed in all, that they can run resort to a dozen others alternately, and then go of their ardent trade. A case has come under our own observation, where a resident of this city was induced from this city to Washington, a year or two ago, and whilst there the recent possession of a large estate on standing his property, was induced to play a game of cards with these worthies—one followed from city to city by them. They strove by all possible means to make his acquaintance, and succeeded. The laws of every state of this country should be purged of, one of these intolerable nuisances. Their winter quarters are in New Orleans and there they remain during the summer, on the scrough of which they travel to the north in the warm season, seeking whom they may destroy. It is folly to suppose that licensing will remedy this evil, impossible, as can be found in America—as the only place where these miscreants congregate. They are abroad every where, and "safer omens." Let the strong arm of legal power be raised against them—let them be exterminated.

A correspondent of Mr. Sanderson, of the Coffee House, states that the Hon. Thomas Cooper, Senator Crowell, of the schr. Boxer, from Wilmington, (Del.) bound to South Yarmouth, was landed near Cape Island, in the state of Massachusetts. While on board the Boxer, and alone in the cabin, he procured an old knife, and cut his throat so badly, that very little blood flowed from the wound, and he died in excruciating pain. His son sailing with him as the island, and the vessel has gone into Maurice river, to await the result.

There are some people who accumulate for themselves possessions, and thereby attain a station in society which they are not exactly capable of sustaining, whose chief ambition is to appear what they are not, station abundant. Such folks, of course, fall into a great many ridiculous blunders in the common dependences upon the King's English, as if distinguished by authority.[1] And truly they have authority in silver and gold to command and purchase the best that the market can and can. They pay munificently; they give splendid dinners; and when, among guests, or dependents, or fellow citizens, they laugh their loudest, and declare that their sayings were oracular, their sentiments extensive, or their jokes excellent! As an instance, however, of the mistakes into which some of these pecuniary magnates fall, when their early instruction has been neglected, we may relate the following passage, the facts of which occurred in a village near this city. A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large lot, and was desirous of the plan of it to be made out. "I have employed," said he, "a man which has executed many buildings: and my design is, for to have him erect an edifice with a beautiful front, a back front, a side front, and a Pizzaro behind, with a bath-house contagious!"

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

We were much gratified in the perusal of a letter recently received from several American papers, from the London Athenæum, written to a friend in England, by Washington Irving, Esq., describing the events of his tour through the States, since he arrived in this country last year. There are occasional marks of the true Sketch Book vein in the epistle; and the whole drift of it beokens a feeling of enjoyment on the part of the writer, which cannot fail to be pleasing to his countrymen. The account he has thus passed over, and looked upon with the sober and contemplative eye of a true observer, will doubtless be peopled with fanciful observations, or made in love with the reviving picture of history, in a second series of those sketches and legends, which Irving, beyond all other American writers, has the power to array together in the most attractive form.

We were particularly pleased in noticing the assertion, in the letter, that his sources of enjoyment were numerous, and that he found friends wherever he went. Such a mind could be honored with the love of many friends! and all should be glad, as they are, to see that his travels have been like those of a monarch, through the nations of the earth, and that he arrived in the power of intellect, over the admiration and the affections of men. Who can estimate the pure delight, which a mind like Irving's, whose works are generally read, can infuse into a thousand hearts!—His faculties are, as far, imperial; his pen is his sceptre; he wields it at will! In the wide domain of the latter descents—the heart quivers with some thrilling appeal to its sensibilities, or is lightened by some radiant flash of wit, and the face is robed in its expression, or the cloud has departed from the spirit.

It is far such influences, that intellect is mighty. It is not necessary to be a politician or statesman, to delve in fathomless mystery, to evince the quality of power in the mind. That is strength, which can bind its thoughts in harmonious numbers which can move bosome rightly, and lead the affections captive. That is a regal sway, which can make the populace wonder and weep, and laugh and love. Such power is possessed by Irving, and the best kindnesses of humanity, and its purest sympathies, which are associations of the words by which it is accompanied, how estimable is his person and his name!—how worthy is he of respect and honor!

For these things, Washington Irving, above all his contemporaries, stands pre-eminent. He belongs to that only true nobility, the nobility of mind. He has gone from town to town, in the course of the journey through a country from which he has been absent for nearly twenty years, and found no one whom he has every where preceded him. The audiences in theatres the spontaneously to read the welkin when he comes, with acclamations, and every class of society, and functionaries of all sorts, are busy in devising how they shall do him honor. These are the triumphs of that immortal sovereignty, which the mind of genius at will; not violently, but by gentle sympathies and kindred impulses. How infinitely superior is such a government, to one of mere force and physical power! Let facts alone, and who boasts himself of the influence of the quiet province? He may journey, but his course is unfelt—he may be seen, but his presence is not felt—he pays his bill. He may record his name in the books of hotels—but not even the autograph with a cross mocks and examining eye, and not a single human soul. None, except relations or dependents. The hour of departure, whether it appeal to the fancy or to the affections, is beyond all wealth, and all empty station, which imparts no unworthy hold. Beside it, gold is dross, and its charms, weakness.

[1] We understand that the invitation ordered Jean M. Soyer, Esq. by the Philadelphia Association for celebrating the 4th of July, without dissension of party, to be present at their dinner on the occasion of the anniversary, has been accepted by that gentleman. The choice is judicious. Mr. Soyer's abilities, as a man of research and an orator, will appear in an address creditable to the association and to the city.

GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES.

We have received a meteorically bound copy of a Gazetteer of the United States, by Thomas Cooper and Theodore Dwight, Jr. This is the last edition, printed in 1833, embracing the latest information in all subjects connected with the United States. It is, as we are informed, the "work which has exercised many buildings: and my design is, for to have him erect an edifice with a beautiful front, a back front, a side front, and a Pizzaro behind, with a bath-house contagious!"

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An inquest was held on Saturday morning at Hallowell by John Wright, coroner, over the body of Nathan Wright, a white man, about 35 years of age. Verdict of the jury, "that he came to his death by being shot with a gun, by Hyopah Bridge."

To Readers and Correspondents.

The sketch "from the Village's Journal," is not without merit; but it is too friendly written, and lacks point. The author should take pains by time for a long time, and subject them to repeated and studious revision.

The article from the "Mary," reflect credit upon her friendly sensibilities; but they are not sufficiently elevated to meet the public eye.

The ode of "Mah-wee-ah," although rather too exclusively compact, shall appear.

"The Lay of the Broken-Hearted," if it appear, will need some modification.

"Althea," and one or two poems by the same author, are returned. The language of the latter piece is somewhat sparkling; but it is written in a fair hand.

"To Zephyrus" shall be given soon.

We particularly regret that our "A Reverend Minister," and our communication, which accompanied him here; but they lack the originality and grace which we require from correspondents.

Somebody has sent us a list of verses, which "go to be read consecutive." It came to us that is unknown what direction of these fragments of three lines each there

THE OLIO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WARRANTED GIGGLES.—As a worthy clergyman was gravely dispensing the words of life to an attentive audience, he was observed suddenly to laugh. This levity appearing to be an indignity offered to the people, as well as very unbecoming the character and office of the speaker, he was subsequently called to an account. In his defence, he said he was very sorry for the misdemeanor, nevertheless he could not help it—*it would laugh*. He then stated, that while he was preaching, a man came in who had the misfortune to have his ... of a glowing red colour, and took his seat near the pulpit.—Soon after a sailor entered and proceeded leisurely up the aisle, until he came to the bench immediately behind the ... gentleman, whereon he took his seat. Mistaking, perhaps, the head before him for the open door of a stove, containing a goodly quantity of stone coal, fully ignited, and sending forth its bright and ... and his thoughts absorbed in the eloquence and subject of the speaker, he had not been seated many minutes, before he was observed to be holding his hands both up together, as if in the act of warming them, against the red head of the gentleman before him,—to the no small amusement of those around, and to the complete upsetting of the gravity of the clergyman.

He humbly trusts that ... that he was at once acquitted, after ... together with his accusers. X. X.

Jonathan's Visit to a Printing Office.

Did you ever go up to the Printers,
And see all them divils to work?
I cossentchest it beats all to flinters
Mother's fuss when we kill all our pork.

Them fellers they stand right up straight,
And pick little pieces of lead;
Stuck in nubby holes thicker, I'll bate,
Than seeds in our big parsnip bed.

Then they keep such a ducking and bobbing,
I'll be darn'd! like aunt Peggy's old drake
When he's gobbling up corn, or a robin
That stands on one leg on a stake.

How a plague can they find all the letters,
Is more than my gumption can tell;
They call them are workmen type-setters,
And an old shoe, they said that was hell.*

Then they've got too a cast iron press,
It beats father's for cider and cheese;
'Tis tarnation hard work I should guess,
And it gives a confounded tight squeeze.

...

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"The sarpent, is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure, every body has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he *drove the sarpints*, and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland—how he bothered all the varmint entirely; but for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the Saint in the least—and small blame to him for that—began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I am going to civilize all the country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him, and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould, and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"'I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint, 'but I think it's too small it is for me;' meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says St. Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as he could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults.

"'Oh! murder! Wont you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint, 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but, you see, I hav'n't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitched it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man, continued Picket, besides myself, has *heard* the sarpint crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet? Is it to-morrow yet?'—which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."—*Croker's Legends of Killarney.*

A HARD CASE.—An elderly gentleman of unimpeached veracity, though by the way somewhat addicted to story ...

...

A PARODY.

The Lion's Visit to the Market.

...

... After their walk they went to Dolly's, in Paternoster row. Their dinner was beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented to the prince, who, on looking over it, said it was reasonable, and handed it to Frederick, who concurred in the same opinion, and returned it to the prince, who desired him to pay. "I have no money," said Frederick. "Nor have I," said the prince. "What are we to do?" he added. Frederick paused a few moments, then desiring the prince to remain until he returned, left the place, pledged his watch at the nearest pawnbroker's and thus discharged the reckoning. * * * The prince, after he became monarch of Poland, occasionally kept up an intercourse with Frederick, and in one of his letters asked if he remembered when they were "in pawn at a London tavern."—[Records of my life, by the late John Taylor.]

Posting in the Galera across the Pampas.

The above cut represents the mode of travelling by Post in South America, over the immense plains or Pampas. Temple in his travels in that country has the following description:—"I can scarcely give a better proof of the flatness and unvarying smoothness of the pampa, than by stating that in one day we travelled with ease and ... a distance of 120 miles; and this, considering our ... baggage carts, and delays at post houses in catching horses, is ... rapid travelling; nor must it be forgotten that the same postilions performed the whole task without any symptom of fatigue." The houses of entertainment on the route were any thing but inviting, and ... author represents the state of things as very unlike our own happy country. It is a true remark, that our road makers, after all, are the true civilizers of a community.

WATER SPOUTS.

When a whirlwind occurs at sea, it sometimes carries a column of water into the air, and this is called a water spout. Some have doubted the existence of any such thing, ... They ...

A thick cloud, in the form of a cone, or trumpet, with the small end downwards, hangs down from the sky, and at the same time the surface of the sea under it is agitated and whirled round, till the waters are converted into a kind of vapor, and ascend with a spiral (screw like) motion, till they unite with the cone proceeding from the cloud. They are sometimes dispersed, however, before they unite. Both columns grow smaller as they approach each other. At their junction, they are sometimes no more than three or four feet in diameter.

In the middle of them there is to be seen, when at a distance, a white transparent tube. It consists of a vacant space, in which none of the small particles of water ascend. In calm weather, water spouts are perpendicular in their motion; but in a wind they are sloping or oblique. Sometimes they disperse suddenly, at other times they pass rapidly along the surface a quarter of an hour or more, before they disappear.

A notion has prevailed that these water spouts might sink a vessel, when they meet and break directly over it; but this is not true, for the water descends only in the form of heavy rain. Small vessels, if they carry much sail, ...

...

THE APRIL FOOL.

...

... the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarreling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

...

As the ... leaves are the driest, so the portest fel... generally the most barren.

As it is barbarous in others to rally a man for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Rural Economist.

From the New England Farmer.

INDIAN CORN.

Perhaps few crops are of more importance than this to the farmer. Although an exhausting crop, it still finds an advocate on almost every farm. It is found in a great variety of sizes, colors, &c., and it is of no small consequence to the farmer to select the best. But how shall this be done? By what criterion shall we judge? These are the questions I am desirous of having answered. A few years since I thought I was fully satisfied on this point, having planted for twenty-five successive seasons a particular kind of corn, which I then thought equal to any other, and without making a single experiment by way of comparing different kinds. I have lately compared, by weight, three different kinds as follows:—

1. White corn, 8 rows, weight of bushel,	61½	lbs.
Cob from which it was shelled,	14½	"
2. Yellow corn, 8 rows, weight of bushel,	62½	"
Weight of cobs,	13¾	"
3. Yellow corn, 12 rows, weight of bushel,	63	"
Weight of cobs,	12	"

These kinds were all of them what might be called middling size.

From this experiment it will appear that, of the three kinds mentioned, the heaviest grain and the largest cob were from the corn of twelve rows. The quantity of cob being less, I have taken it for granted that the fodder would be accordingly, and, of course, the land less exhausted in rearing a given quantity of grain. I should be gratified to learn something of the corn by some called *Byefield* corn—ears of twelve rows, from which the husks fall before harvesting—particularly respecting the quantity of cob to a bushel of grain. Also of yellow corn, generally, whether, in reality it is more nutricious (as many suppose) and of course more valuable than white corn.—Yours respectfully,

E. F. WOODWARD.

FOOD FOR OXEN AND OTHER CATTLE.—"Every traveller who passes Alsfelt, a little town near Frankfort, in Germany, has noticed the remarkable fine cattle of that place, who are fed in the following manner: Straw is cut short by means of a straw-cutter; is then put into a cauldron, with the addition of potatoes and carrots, and boiled till it forms a kind of jelly; this mixed with a sufficient quantity of water is served to the beasts. The animals so fed require no water, and so well do they thrive on this mess, ...

...

CUCUMBERS IN TUBS.—...

Removal.—Lewis Roper, M.D.

Surgeon Dentist, and Manufacturer of Porcelain Incorruptible Teeth.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from No. ... Arch street, to No. 123 Walnut street, the house occupied for many years by the late Dr. Edward Hudson, ...

To Dyers & Manufacturers.

...

WETHERILL & BROTHERS.

Straw Hat Manufactory,

And Fancy Millinery Store, No. 333 N. Second St.

...

MARY BROWN.

Select Boarding School for Boys.

...

GEORGE MURRAY.

REFERENCES.

...

Wanted

Removal.—Wm. H. Moore,

Languages.

Left my Bed and Board

Removal.—Comb Manufactory.

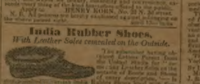
Plain Colored India Satin.

Trimming Store.

Patent Fly Net

India Rubber Shoes,

With Leather Soles cemented on the Outside.

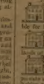


Wanted Immediately,

Dr. Paschall's Golden Drops.

To be Sold,

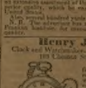
AT PUBLIC OR PRIVATE SALE.



Flowers, and Flowering Plants,

TETTER Ointment.

Henry J. Pepper,



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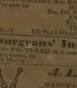

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Striking Profile LIKENESSES

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Notice to Manufacturers,

GIDEON COX,

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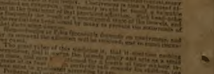

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